

Baccano! 1931 - The Grand Punk Railroad - Secret Episode



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20:33. Dec 30/1931. Second Class cabin.



(Turner, the mustached pig, has just been kicked out of the dining car by John and Fang.)

Turner: Those bastards! Just who do they think... Who do they think I am?!

(Turner begins quietly walking down the Second Class car's hallway.

Suddenly, one of the cabin doors opens.)



Turner: Eeek?!



Young man: A-are you all right, sir?



Turner: Wh-who the hell are you?! Don't scare me like that!



Young man: Oh, my apologies... Um, sir, what is going on here? Some frightening men have been walking past my cabin for some time now...



Turner: That's what I want to know! Damn it! I paid good money to board this train! Why in the world...?



Young man: In any event, it's dangerous to be out here in the halls. Perhaps you should come inside and assess the situation.

(They enter the Second Class cabin.)



Turner: Shit... Why... Why is this happening to me...? I-I have money! So why...?



Young man: In any event, why is *he*...?



Turner: Hm? Wh-what's wrong? You know something about those terrorists, my man?



Young man: Well, not in person, I'm afraid. You see, just before you came in, a pair of children passed through this hall.



Turner: Hm... now that you mention it, I think I saw Madame Beriam's daughter leaving with some little kid...



Young man: Yes, the boy is the problem. That boy... or rather, the man who *looks* like a child, is a terrorist.



Turner: What?! That little runt is the terrorist? What are you saying?



Young man: He is a criminal who goes under many different aliases. It seems he's injecting himself with some chemicals that halt his physical growth. I've seen a file about him back at the Bureau.



Turner: "Bureau"...? You're connected to the Bureau of Investigation?!



Young man: *Formerly* I was. Unfortunately, I was fired when I made some trouble for a hopeless superior.



Turner: Th-then I suppose this will be easy! P-p-please! Arrest- no, kill those bastards! Isn't that your job as a civil servant?!



Young man: I told you, I've been fired. To be frank, it's no longer my job. I don't work for free, you know.

(Turner hands him money)



Turner: I-I'll take care of your pay! I'll give you money! So please, do something about those bastards quickly!



Young man: If you put it that way, I suppose I'll take this as a down payment... Well then... I'll go and take a look around, so please remain hidden in this cabin.



Turner: H-hey!

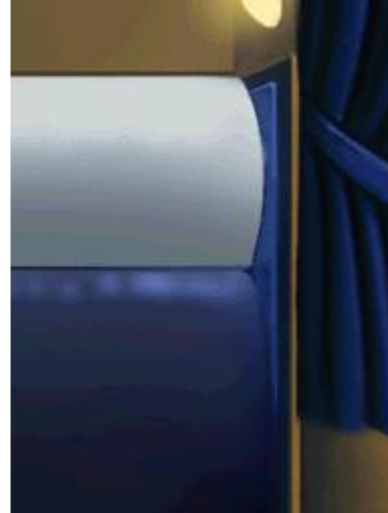
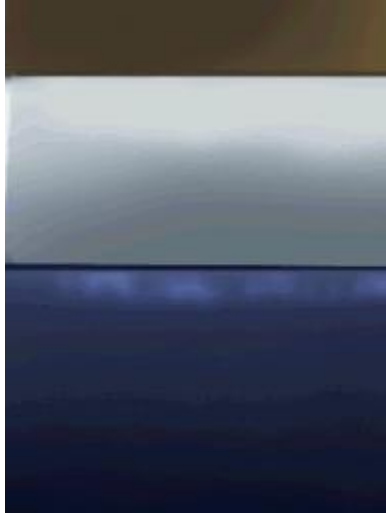


Young man: I suppose that makes this a done deal. Oh, yes! I've neglected to introduce myself.



Victor: My name is Victor... Victor Talbot.

22:05. Dec 30/1931. Second Class Cabin.



Turner: ...He's late... Damn it! Did he just take my money and run? He even took the most expensive jewelry I had on me...!

(Footsteps. The door opens.)



Turner: I-it's you! don't scare me like that!



Victor: Please excuse me, sir. But don't worry. I've found a perfect hiding place just ahead.



Turner: A-are you certain?!

(They exit the cabin.)



Victor: I will lead the way, so please watch of our back.



Turner: Guh... I paid you money, so i-if it comes down to it, you'd better be prepared to be my shield!



Victor: You don't have to tell me.

(They walk onward, and run into the corpse of the man Chane killed while saving Mary)





Turner: W-what...?! This is...



Victor: Please calm down. The killer has moved on to another car.



Turner: Who in the world... was it those men in black?



Victor: Yes--or, more specifically, the boy I talked about earlier.



Turner: This can't be! How could a little boy like that have killed a grown man...?



Victor: You mustn't be fooled by appearances. He has the physical form of a child, but he is a heinous criminal over twenty years old. He uses his appearance to lower his opponents' guard, and stabs them in the back... He's not one to be trifled with, so I did not even try to do anything when I first saw him.



Turner: I-I see. It makes sense that the man there was stabbed in the back, then...



Victor: Yes... that is why you must not trust anyone on this train, even women or children. The most terrifying thing about terrorists and killers is the fact that their malice is not immediately obvious... I suggest that you do not hesitate when approached by a suspicious individual, even if it happens to be a woman or a child. I say this as a former investigator.



Turner: R-right...



Victor: Oh? A rifle. This is perfect.



Victor: You should hold on to this for protection, sir.



Turner: M-me...? You sure?



Victor: Of course. You're my employer, after all. It's best that you carry weapons for defense. I have some self-defense experience, as well.

(Turner takes the rifle)



Turner: I see... Come to think of it, I think I might have paid you too much for the down payment earlier. How about we call that your full pay, and...
(Victor has disappeared somewhere.)



Turner: H-hey! V-Victor! Stop messing around with me! What do you mean, you've found me a hiding place?! Surely you can't mean this... this tiny broom closet?!

05:22. Dec 31/1931. Freight Hold.



(The black suit who ran away from Ladd after witnessing one of his comrades killed and the other one held at knifepoint was later caught by Jacuzzi's gang and tied up. He's now thinking to himself.)



Black suit: ...I hope Chane's all right.

(Suddenly, the freight hold door opens.)



Smiling man: Hey! What's going on here? Why're you tied up in a place like this? ...Oh. I guess you're one of those terrorists?



Black suit: N-no, I...

(Smiling man unties black suit's feet.)



Black suit: Wha...



Smiling man: Dunno who tied you up like this, but this was pretty bad of them. Tying your feet together this tight cuts off the blood flow completely.



Black suit: Sorry, but... could you untie my hands, too?



Smiling man: Yeah sure.



Black suit: Oh... thanks.

(Black suit swings a knife at smiling man.)



Smiling man: Whoa!



Black suit: That was nice of you... Then again, maybe you should have expected this from a terrorist.



Smiling man: Sorry, but that won't work on me.



Black suit: ...What?



Smiling man: Like I said, this won't do anything to me.



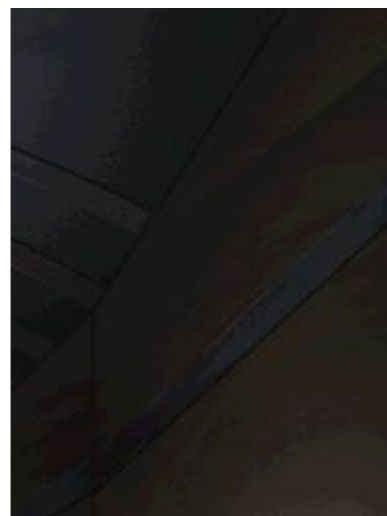
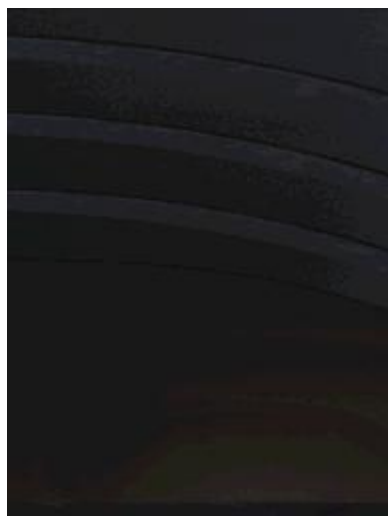
Black suit: What the hell are you saying...?!

(Smiling man walks up to black suit and skewers his own throat on his knife.)



Black suit: What are you doing?! Are you serious?!

(Smiling man falls.)





Black suit: A-ah... I-it's not my fault... it's not... I... huh?

(Smiling man's body starts restoring itself)



Black suit: Wha... aaaa?

(Restoration complete.)



Black suit: Y-you bastard... what the hell was that?!



Smiling man: Who, me? I guess you could say I'm just a passing tourist.



Black suit: ...



Smiling man: So, are you a terrorist?



Black suit: ...



Smiling man: Oh, it's all right. You don't have to tell me if you don't want to... It's just that the timing of this whole hijacking really caught my eye.



Smiling man: Huey Laforet.



Black suit: ...?!



Smiling man: Hey, that look of yours! I'm right, right? Hooray! That was awesome! It was just a guess, you know. Thanks! Thanks so much! If you wanna give me a prize for guessing it right, you could give me a smile.



Black suit: Don't tell me... your... your body is just like Master Huey's?



Smiling man: Hm?



Smiling man: Oh, yeah. I guess you could call it immortality. Oh! I don't want to make a big fuss about it, so could you keep that a secret?



Smiling man: I guess I don't need to tell you, but no one's probably going to believe you, anyway.



(Black suit explains the situation to smiling man.)



Smiling man: I see. But seriously, that Huey... When did he manage to gather so many followers? But this hijacking wasn't his order, right? See, he promised me and Monica that he wouldn't involve any bystanders who aren't a part of his experiments. This isn't his style to begin with.



Black suit: You... know him?



Smiling man: ...



Elmer: Where are my manners? I still haven't introduced myself, huh? Sorry about that. My name's Elmer. Elmer C. Albatross. You can even call me El-El or Elross if you'd like!

05:22. Dec 31/1931. Freight hold hallways.



Victor: ...That's strange... where did he go? Don't tell me... did he jump off the train? Or did someone push him off? I've set lots of traps, so things will turn out interesting no matter who Czes meets next! I guess the moustached swine should be a good one. I wonder what kind of face Czes'll make when he gets shot by that small fry! I can't wait!

05:26. Dec 31/1931. Freight hold.



Elmer: So your name's Upham, huh? It's nice to meet you.



Upham: Right... so you're... Elmer?



Elmer: Yup, Elmer. So that Huey didn't even mention me when he got you people together or anything?

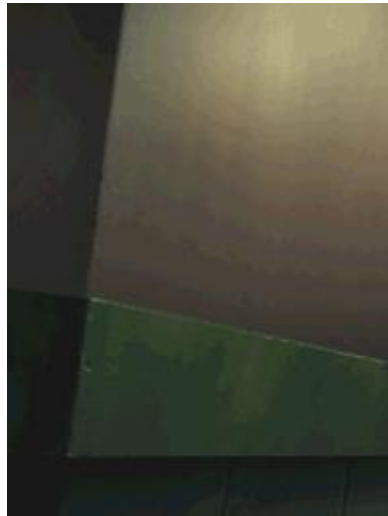


Upham: N-no... I'm at the bottom of the ladder, so I wasn't ever allowed to see Master Huey...



Elmer: I see. Well, he's normally a pretty cold guy. But I'm glad to see that even he's got some people trying to help him like this. It never used to be this way before.

(Elmer and Upham exit into the hallway and head for the conductor's compartment.)



Upham:...



Elmer: What's wrong? Don't look so down. It's hopeless times like these that you have to try your best to smile. They say in the orient that laughter calls forth blessings, you know.



Upham: Something that superstitious isn't much consolation...



Elmer: Think about it this way. Happiness is just like money--you know how rich people use their money to make themselves even more rich? Maybe it's like that with happiness--you start small, but you make it grow and make yourself happier.



Upham: ...



Elmer: So that's why it doesn't matter how small your initial happiness is! That's right. Even if you're in a hopeless situation, you should think about how safe you were a second ago and smile. That alone's good enough--until you can make yourself believe in your smile...



Elmer: ...'Course, that's not possible for me...



Upham: What do you mean?



(They walk into the conductor's compartment and see what remains of the Rail Tracer's victims.)





Upham: Damn it... I'd expected as much, but...



Elmer: Huh. I wonder what happened here? One was shot, and the other... looks like he was half-eaten by a dragon or something. I've seen more corpses like this in the freight holds along the way here, too. Who do you think could have done this?



Upham: Th-that's what I want to know...



Elmer: I wonder... did these people have families of their own? I wonder how we should break the news to them so they could get back on their feet as soon as possible.

(Upham falls into thought about Chane.)



Victor: You're in the way.



Upham: Ugh?!

(Victor stabs Upham)

Upham: Agh!

(Elmer and Victor look at one another)

Elmer: Huh?

Victor: (surprised) ...What?

(Upham stabs Victor back)

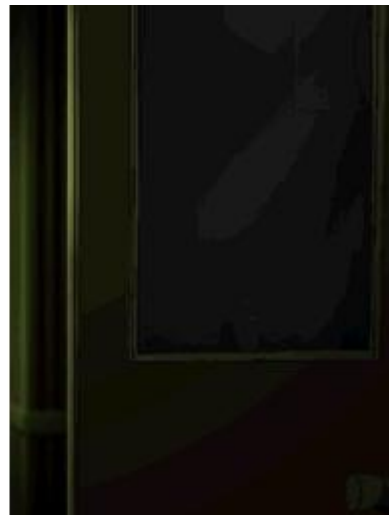
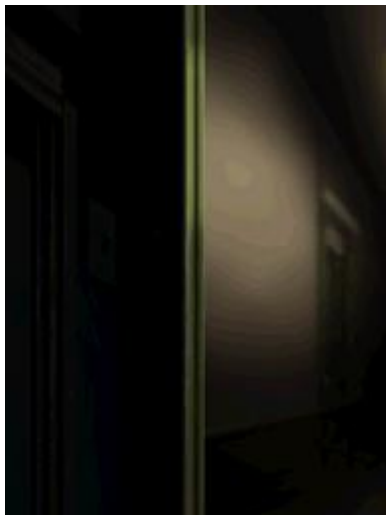
Victor: Ugh...

(Upham collapses)



Upham: Hah... hah...

(Victor's body heals)



Elmer: You should stay back.



Upham: R-right.



Elmer: Don't worry it's not a serious wound. You have to stop the bleeding and bandage it up.



Elmer: And how 'bout you? That must've hurt, right?



Victor: Hehehe... Ahaha... Ahahahahaha! Hahahahahahaha!
AAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!



Elmer: I'm glad to see you're well enough to laugh.



Victor: (outraged, seething with hatred) Hmph... Hahaha... Ahaha... Really!
You *really* never cease to amuse me! You truly... truly are *everywhere*, aren't
you? Elmer... Elmer C. Albatross!



Elmer: Glad to see you're doing well.



Victor: Why... why are you here?! I highly doubt you were following my
trail.



Elmer: Well, it's actually pure coincidence, but... this isn't the time for that.

(Elmer tries first aid on Upham)



Elmer: You all right? I'm going to try and stop the bleeding, so take off your
shirt.

(Elmer treats Upham as Victor watches)



Elmer: There. You should be all right for the time being...



Upham: Uh... thanks. I feel out of it... but I need to ask you something.



Elmer: What is it?



Upham: Who is that?



Elmer: ...



Elmer: Right... Let me introduce you. This here's Fermet. Lebreau Fermet Viralesque. I'm not going to tell him your name, though. It's for the best.



Upham: ...?



Elmer: Getting any closer to this guy won't make you any happier... so I'm saying you should stay away from him. I won't stop you if you insist, but I can't recommend it.



Fermet: (Changes to a pleasant tone) That's awfully unfair of you. Do you hold a grudge against me, Mr. Albatross?



Elmer: You've already shown off your true face earlier. Why don't you talk like you normally do? Isn't acting like that tiring?



Fermet: (Back to his regular tone) ...You still disgust me, Elmer! Always grinning and smiling like no tomorrow... I thought that maybe two centuries would change you, but that piece of mush you call a brain's never going to change, is it?! I guess you can't expect anything from brain fluids that were rotten from the start!



Elmer: Maybe you could make fermented foods, at least? You know... if we could reuse expired food, maybe the world might become a better place! Why don't we talk about that on the way to New York?



Fermet: That's exactly it. Let me make this clear. You sicken me! You're disgusting! Go die somewhere! You're not even *worth* devouring! Your rotten brain might end up contaminating me, for all I know!



Elmer: That so? I think most people would call your brain rotten too, but I don't dislike you.



Fermet: Shut your hole, you homo! I wouldn't touch you even if you were the moooooost beautiful woman on earth! I refuse. Refuse. I repeat. I REFUSE! I wouldn't kiss you, let alone hold hands. If you miss making out so much, why don't you just go follow Huey to jail?! You two are crazy for each other, right?! You're disgusting!



Elmer: Not really. Different things make different people happy, so I won't reject people for being homosexual, but I think it's pretty rude to make out a same-sex friendship to be a romance, you know? Besides, both me and Huey had proper girlfriends of our own. And if you think about it, weren't *you* always obsessed with Czes?



Fermet: Oh, yes. True. I love Czes from the bottom of my heart! Gender doesn't even matter at this point--Czes is Czes! But I'm going to make this clear--I don't like men. What I like? Are things that are pure and cute and adorable, male or female...



Fermet: ...Just seeing the moment that purity becomes twisted and broken and bent and falls falls falls makes me so *excited*! I think it's a bit different from romantic love.



Elmer: So where's the difference between love and lust?



Fermet: In the end, all human emotions are one and the same--just like the moebius loop. Trying to find that boundary is just as pointless as trying to find a standard that all of humanity will accept!



Elmer: That's a great idea, trying to make all of humanity understand one standard... You're a genius, Fermet!



Fermet: Shut up. Being complimented by the likes of you hurts my eardrums. Just get out of my face. It's a suggestion--your duty--or maybe even your destiny.



Elmer: But then I wouldn't be able to see you smile, Fermet. Oh, right! Maybe if I found someone who's happy to be twisted and broken, made them immortal, and stuck you together, you'd be happy forever!



Fermet: ...You... still insist on going on this way? Trying to make everyone in the world happy?



Elmer: That's right.



Fermet: Even including me?



Elmer: Of course!



Fermet: Truly?



Elmer: From the bottom of my heart!



Fermet: You sicken me! This is disgusting! You know what sickens me?! The unknown! What the hell are you?! Really! WHAT ARE YOU?! I could never understand your existence! I fear the unknown! I'm scared of you!



Elmer: That so?



Fermet: You should take a look at reality, Elmer C. Albatross! Look at this room! These two corpses... uh... ugh... I hadn't taken a close look at them until now, but what the hell? Anyway... Look at these mangled cadavers! What do you see? Were these people happy? They certainly don't look like they died laughing as they were slaughtered. In the end, no matter how much you go on with your so-called philosophy, you couldn't even save these two people!



Elmer: Yeah... It's really unfortunate...



Elmer: But let's set that aside for now--I think if I looked all over the world, I might find someone who might make you happy, Fermet...



Fermet: Wait! You aren't even listening, are you?! You mean you don't care about people who've already died?! Hah! You're nothing but a hypocrite!



Elmer: The unfortunate deaths of others doesn't necessarily mean that the living can't find happiness.



Fermet: ...



Elmer: For example, these two men died tragically, and there are people in this world who are dying of hunger--life's never fair, you know. Reality is full of all kinds of lives, but that doesn't mean I should stop trying to make people smile.



Fermet: ...Tch.



Elmer: After all, I'm doing this all for my own self-satisfaction!



Fermet: Pfft... Hahaha... Ahahahahaha! I see, I see! You truly are a Smile Junkie! Your brain's rotten to the core! You're living in your own little world! You can't think of anyone but yourself, but in the end you *act* for others--for the rest of the world!



Fermet: Disgusting! You're the lowest of the low! Really... I risked boarding the train without a ticket, you know. How'd *you* get on here? Did you write your name on the passenger list?



Elmer: Oh, about that! I was wandering around, wondering what to do, when I ran across this elderly couple who decided not to board at the last minute. They couldn't just return the tickets, though, so I bought it off them for a cheap price. Hey, if you don't have a ticket, I have another one, since I bought both from them. You want it? 'course, if they check for tickets in New York, one of us is gonna have to crossdress.



Fermet: Just thinking about pretending to be married to you makes me nauseous. Besides, we can't even use fake names.



Elmer: Oh, right.



Fermet: Anyway, are you and this black suit the only ones here? Then, you. Kid.



Upham: Eh?



Fermet: (cheerfully) Die.

(Fermet tries to stab Upham, but Elmer takes the hit.)



Elmer: Ugh... Ouch.



Fermet: Foolish as ever, I see.



Elmer: You shouldn't try to kill people so easily, Fermet.



Fermet: He has to die here. He's seen my real face.

(Fermet stabs Elmer even deeper)



Fermet: You understand, right, Elmer? If this kid survives, I'm gonna die of anxiety. So let me kill him, so I can be happy. All right?

(Fermet stabs Elmer again)



Elmer: This won't do... Then *he* won't be happy. So I want you to work to overcome that fear and become a more mature person, so you can *both* find happiness.



Fermet: Is that something a man with a knife in his stomach should even say?!



Fermet: This is rich! Really rich! You know, that kid isn't even trying to help you! Maybe he's *scared* of you! He's not moving an inch!



Elmer: Scared of me, huh...



Fermet: That's right! So-



Elmer: Is there a problem with that?

(Elmer takes Fermet's arm)



Fermet: You're disgusting, Elmer. What are you trying to-

(Elmer opens the door of the conductor's cabin and tries to push Fermet onto the tracks)



Fermet: ...You gotta be kidding me.



Fermet: Let go... Let go of me, Elmer!



Elmer: Good thing you're still unathletic as ever, Fermet. For now, I want you to get off this train. ...You being here is definitely going to make at least a few people unhappy.



Fermet: Hey...



Elmer: But don't worry. Once I get off the train, I'll help you find that perfect girlfriend or friend that we talked about earlier.



Fermet: ...I'm not falling off alone, Elmer.



Elmer: (To Upham) Hey, there's no need to worry. I think you know this by now, but we're immortal. It's just painful. It's just... painful for a long time.



Fermet: What are you talking about?



Elmer: So smile, Fermet!



Fermet: Stop it... Stop it, dammit! This is exactly why I hate you! I can never read what you're thinking or what you're going to do! Aaaaaagh!



Elmer: That's why we have to at least smile.

(Fermet tries to drag Elmer down with him onto the tracks.

Upham manages to grab Elmer and pull him back up.)



Elmer: Thanks for taking my hand.

Fermet: One day... I'll make you understand.

(Fermet falls.)



Elmer: That was close! Thanks! I was prepared to fall with him, you know.



Upham: I just want to ask you something.



Elmer: What's that?



Upham: Why... Why do you keep saving me? Even before... You knew I was a terrorist, but you untied me anyway!



Elmer: Well, it just looked like... you were about to cry.



Upham: ...Huh?



Elmer: I just wanted to make you smile... but I guess it's not working. You just look kind of miffed. There. Try and smile!



Upham: ...Th-that's it? But... I stabbed you, and...



Elmer: No! Stop right there! See, my biggest priority is other people's smiles.



Upham: ...

(Claire appears)



Upham: Whoa!



Claire: Oh... Sir, I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't enter the conductor's compartment without proper permission.

Elmer: Sorry about that. We'll be leaving now.

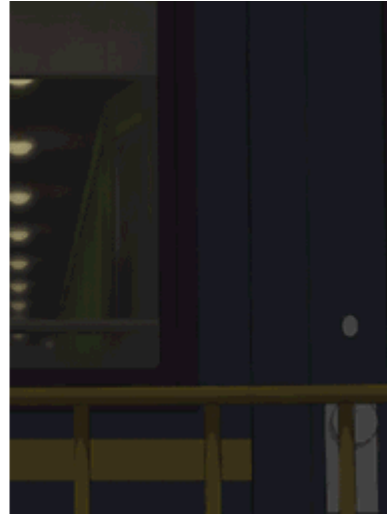


Claire: Anyway, who are you...? It looks like you're hurt...

(Chane's knife stabs through the wall and nicks Claire's ear)

Claire: ...Hm...

(Chane climbs back up)



Claire: ...Excuse me.

(Claire exits and climbs onto the roof)

Upham: ...Huh?!



Elmer: Wonder what that was all about.



Upham: That's what I want to know.



Elmer: Anyway, I'm gonna go take a look in the dining car. What about you, Upham?



Upham: I-I'm going back to the freight hold.



Elmer: I see. Well, I'll be leaving now. Hope we meet again somewhere down the line!



Upham: Oh, uh... well... Thanks.



Elmer: Hm? For what?



Upham: Um... never mind.

(Elmer leaves. Upham heads to the freight hold and thinks about all kinds of things, including Chane)



Upham: (narrating) This was the strange incident that took place when I met the immortal named Elmer. I don't know what happened to Fermet afterwards--I'm sure someone in that world will one day find out. In any case, I don't think it's the kind of role a coward like me will ever end up playing.